

Edward S. Hillis

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Student's
Pen

APRIL, 1930

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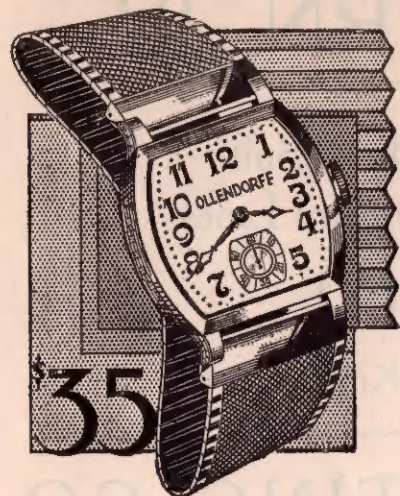
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIAL	5
LITERATURE	7
ESSAYS AND SPECIALS	15
POETRY	22
SCHOOL NOTES	24
SPORTS	30
EXCHANGE	32
PEN POINTS	35
DRIPPINGS FROM THE PEN	36
ADVERTISING	38



To Pittsfield High School
(On Laying the Corner-Stone, March 28, 1930)

Today we lay the corner-stone
Of PITTSFIELD HIGH—yet not alone
Of thee, O structure made with hands,
But of that which through the ages stands.

For as the long years pass away,
Unnumbered corner-stones thou'lt lay
For lives whose usefulness will be
Fitting memorials to thee!

As stone by stone thy walls shall rise
To stand forth etched against the skies,
So shalt thou help to build on earth
Strong characters of lasting worth.

And when thou hast returned to dust—
As under Time's grim hand thou must—
Thy works shall live, DEAR PITTSFIELD HIGH,
For Truth and Wisdom never die!

—By Betty Browne,
Junior B Class, P. H. S.

EDITORIALS



The Debates

WE attended with a considerable degree of interest and pleasure the two debates which were held at the High School recently. As it was our first opportunity to hear our debating teams in action, we approached the occasion in a rather expectant and critical frame of mind, and we were most favorably impressed by the degree of skill which was displayed, not only by the Pittsfield teams, but by their opponents as well. The eloquence, reasoning power, and stage presence which characterized the speakers were of a high order, and bespoke considerable natural ability on their part, improved upon by much careful training and painstaking preparation. The ability to discover the salient points in a great mass of data, to combine them in their proper order, and to set them forth clearly, accurately, and impressively will, in our opinion, be of sufficient value to the debaters to repay them fully for the effort at the cost of which they acquired it. We of the *Student's Pen* Club take occasion at this time to congratulate our brother organization, the Debating Club of the Pittsfield High School upon the fine showing which its members made on these two occasions. We also wish to congratulate the Williams High School of Stockbridge and the Adams High School of Adams upon the possession of such enterprising and talented groups of amateur orators as those whom it was our pleasant privilege to hear.

The extra-curricular activity of debating is growing rapidly in importance, and will, we feel, soon take the place which rightfully belongs to it in the forefront of such enterprises. It is most gratifying to observe how well it is progressing in Berkshire County. The high schools of this section are to be commended for the support which they have given to aid its growth and development, and we trust that they will continue to offer it every reasonable aid and encouragement.

Edward S. Willis, '30²

A Prevalent Type

SOME modern girls certainly create an impression in the world, not always favorable, however. Most girls, having little or no reasoning power, manage to create their impression upon a person by exterior decorations. Remove the face powder and other cosmetics and nine times out of ten the resulting product is a combination of a moron and a blank piece of paper.

These examples of feminine intellect or, more properly, lack of it, have numerous amusing past times when they are so unfortunate as to be unnoticed by the members of the opposite sex. Perhaps the most important diversion, at least in their manner of thought, if such a term as thought can be applied, is the use of the telephone as a method of whiling away the hours. They call a fellow up and then proceed to question him on his reactions, if any, toward certain girls. While the masculine member of the monologue is wondering who is calling, they reveal their identity by asking one's attitude toward themselves in such a manner as to disclose exactly who they are. Of all the forlorn specimens of feminine ignorance this creature is deserving of the most supreme sympathy. In the pursuit of whatever happiness comes into her life, she blandly announces to anyone who cares to listen that her upbringing and training have been most sorely neglected. And let it be stated that one's listening to such tiresome discourse, or soliloquy, is absolutely necessary as their perseverance in placing a call is so untiring.

Then there is the girl who although scarcely acquainted with a fellow will ask to be taken to dances or other entertainments. It seems unfortunate that a person who realizes her lack of appealing qualities should resort to such a means of securing diversion.

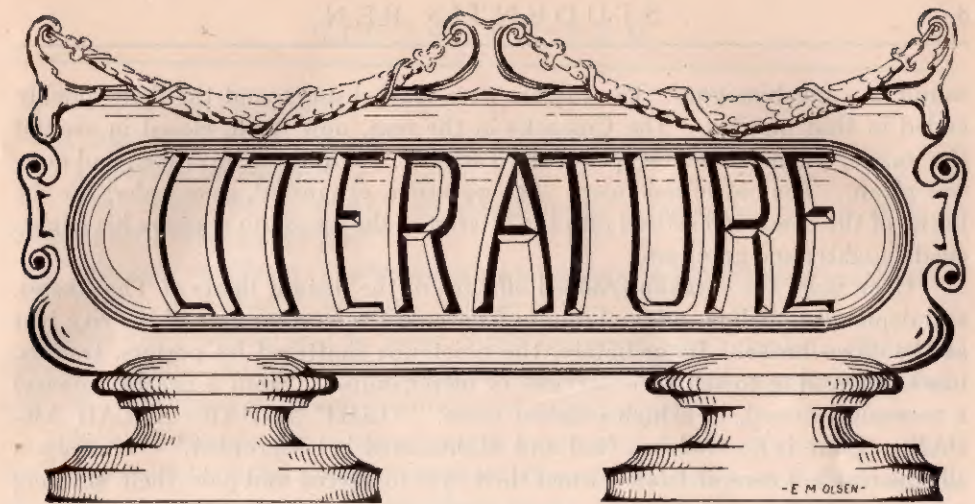
But, of course, there are fellows who are attracted to such types of girls. They admire such advances. Shallow minds pursue the same course of thought, and the object of "gold diggers" finds its mate.

A. Nonymous.

Baseball

DURING the past basketball season there has been some negligence on the part of students in attending games. In spite of this we had a fine cheering squad. There was no one hundred percent Pittsfield delegation but simply a large number of enthusiastic students and loyal alumni. However, now our baseball representatives are confronted with a difficult schedule. Our team, under the supervision of Coach Stewart is impatiently awaiting the day which will decide the city championship. Some of the former P. H. S. quintet will now be fighting on the diamond for their school. Some are playing their last season owing to graduation in June. There is always room for another trophy before we have the new high school, and a fine school spirit has never failed to produce a fine team. Faithful cheering in an assembly to keep out of the classroom a few minutes is not school spirit. It is a loyal crowd who will show up at all the home games that will keep a fighting nine on the diamond. So show your loyalty by some good attendance at every contest.

E. Michelson '32



Reminiscences

DIRECTLY opposite the Aral Sea, in Russian Turkestan, lies a vast stretch of barren lands known as the Kizil Desert. The way through this desert was long and treacherous, for, besides being subject to the wrath of nature, it was infested with roving bands of Tartars—half Mongolian and half Russian, who had a habit of looting and massacring any unlucky caravan which should chance across their path.

Between the hours of sunset and twilight on a certain day in the year 1916, a royal caravan—, carrying the governor-general of Russian Turkestan, his daughter, and her son—, struggled through the grasping sands of the Kizil Desert to the adjacent city of Thashkend, the summer home of the governor. Riding parallel to the caravan was a cortege of Cossacks, armed to the teeth. Slowly the shadows of the night closed in on the plodding travellers, giving them the appearance of a company of ghosts. For hours the group trudged on, no noise was heard but the clop-clop of reluctant hoofs.

Suddenly, a terrific cry rang out. The leader of the escort was immediately on the alert. Short, crisp orders were barked and at once the caravan became a living wall of steel. Thundering out of the darkness came a band of Tartars on their small ponies. A fusilade of shots greeted their arrival. Many saddles were emptied in a few seconds, but this did not stop the rush of the raiders. A terrific hand to hand battle ensued. Here and there a knife flashed, while the staccotto of rifles, accompanied by shrieks of pain and rage and fierce oaths, shattered the stillness of the night. The fight raged around the governor's wagon. Sword clanged against sword. A tall Cossack was engaged with a wiry Mongol who possessed a knife in his left hand. Exerting all his strength the Cossack broke the arm of his opponent, picked him up bodily, and threw him, with terrific impact, against a group of Tartars attacking the rear of the wagon.

The governor was attacked by two burly robbers. His long sword flashed again and again. A knife penetrated the fleshy part of his arm. He was down, fighting desperately. As if by magic at this moment, two soldiers engaged the raiders from the rear, diverting their attention for the moment from the governor. The Tartars were quickly dispatched. From the rear of the caravan came the

sound of a machine-gun. The raiders were mowed down and the fight quickly ended in that quarter. The Cossacks in the rear, now freed, closed in around the wagon, cutting off all escape for the Tartars. No quarter was asked and none was given. The battle was over. The governor, exhausted, gave orders for the burial of the dead, and retired into the interior of the wagon to reassure his frightened daughter and grandson.

Once more the caravan trudged off toward the distant lights of Thashkend, and depleted to half its original number, entered the western gate of the city just as the dawn broke. Immediately, the quiet was shattered by porters, traders, hawkers desiring to sell their services or merchandise. From a nearby minaret a muezzin intoned, in a high cracked voice, "ALIHU AKBAR—ALLAH AKBAR. There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet,"—whereupon all the resident sons of Islam turned their eyes to Mecca and paid their morning respects to Allah.

The caravan struggled through the increasing mass of people to the governor's palace. Out of the milling crowd came a shrill voice.

"Alms—alms—succor the poor—alms."

The governor motioned to his leader. The leader forced his way through the crowd to a beggar, sitting in the gutter. Slipping a gold coin into the outstretched hand, the leader received in return a tiny note. The transaction was swift and unnoticeable. The leader spurred his horse by the trundling carts, drawn by sluggish oxen, and rejoined the caravan. The governor carefully opened the note. Written in cipher was the following communication:

Your Excellency,

Intelligence has uncovered two agents of the Turkish government—C-33 and C-34 man and woman—entertainers at Café Royale—order immediate capture. The palace will be bombed at midnight. Send relatives home at once. Threat at revolution—

Agent—4203.

The governor mused over this note for some time.

Drawn up before the palace, was a company of infantry. The governor inspected the company, finding fault at every turn. The equipment was poor, the guns and knives were unclean, the uniforms were in tatters. The commander of the company was severely reprimanded.—The daughter and grandson were sent up to their apartments while the governor went direct to his spacious office. After glancing over a few official papers, he rang for the orderly. The orderly came into the office, and snapped to attention.

"Orderly, send in Sergeant K."

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes Sergeant K stood before the governor.

"Sergeant K—I have received a note from our agent, stating that the palace will be bombed at midnight. You will place special guards around the palace tonight and arrest anyone carrying suspicious packages, anyone who cannot reasonably state his business. You will also assign F 392 to search the lodgings of C-33 and C-34—entertainers at the Café.—That will be all."

"Very good, sir," said the Sergeant.

"Orderly, send in N-203."

N-203 proved to be a handsome gentleman of thirty years.

"You called for me, sir?"—

"Yes," said the governor, "sit down—here,"—motioning to a chair—"Sergeant K has spoken to you?"

"Yes, your excellency, I understand the situation," said the young gentleman.

"Very good. Here is the plan—you are to—"

What the governor said to Agent N-203 has never been revealed. Between nods and careful gestures, the subordinate officers of the staff concluded that it had some bearing on an affair which occurred a few hours later.

The Café Royale was situated in the heart of the city. The hours of its greatest activity were between midnight and dawn. Its chief source of attraction lay in the exquisite beauty of Mademoiselle Sonya, dancer and, more or less, siren-at-large. From all parts of the city came adoring officers, generals, commandants—bidding for the favor of Sonya. Many times she graced the tables of the senior commandants. Her brilliant smile caused many a heart to flutter, but she cast her favors only to ranking officers. Tables were overturned in attempt to touch her hand; however she always flitted out of reach, aided when necessary by Mischa, her dancing partner.

As the hours went by, the party became more hilarious. Wine flowed freely. Austere commandants, loosened by frequent returns to the bottles on their tables, engaged in a series of wild dances on the rough floor of the Café. A young peasant staggered from a corner of the room. His eyes followed Sonya. Steadying himself, he waited until Sonya came abreast of him. He seized her in a bearlike embrace and attempted to kiss her. Mischa leaped upon his back. The peasant no longer staggered. With a solid blow he sent Mischa crashing to the floor. The Café was in an uproar. The peasant stood to meet the attack of the officers furious by this debasing of their precious darling. But the officers were prevented from wreaking their vengeance on the lone peasant by the sound of a bugle. They turned around to meet the cold eyes of the governor.

"You are all under arrest. That woman and her partner are spies."

A gasp went around the room. Mischa dashed to a side door. The appearance of a giant Cossack at that door prevented his escape.

"A court martial shall be held at once in the palace."

After the evidence against the accused was given by F 392, who had ransacked the lodgings of C-33 and C-34—namely Mademoiselle Sonya and Mischa, there was no doubt in the minds of the court as to the guilt of the spies. Sergeant K reported that at midnight a man had been shot down carrying a bundle. On investigation it was found that the package contained enough T. N. T. to blow Thashkend into Eternity.

Another sun rose over the ancient city of Thashkend. The atmosphere around the Café Royale was one of dejection. The owner was mourning over the loss of business caused by the sudden departure of Sonya and Mischa for other worlds. At the palace the governor was engaged in a conversation with his daughter regarding her trip home.

—"But father, I just came here. You can't send me away"—.

"I must, my dear child. It is no longer safe for you to stay here. You must think of Grigori," said the governor.

"But—".

"No buts, my dear, I have ordered your trunks packed. You will take the train back to St. Petersburg. At any moment the enemy may storm the walls."

"Allright, father, as you say—".

After a short journey to a southern branch of the Trans-Siberian railway, the governor bade his daughter and grandson farewell. It was the last time that the governor's daughter ever saw her father alive.

The journey back was long and dreary. Several times the train was attacked by Uhlands, but fortunately the attacks were beaten off. From St. Petersburg Grigori was sent to a boarding school in what is now Lithuania. He was forced to learn a different language when the Central Powers captured the town. The Germans did not stay long here as the treaty of Brest-Litvosk had been signed and by terms of this treaty they had agreed to evacuate. The town was in the hands of the revolutionists and many royalists were being executed. Food became scarce—bread was sold at a premium. When that gave out, horse-meat stemmed the tide of hunger for a while.

Grigori's father came to take him away. The agents of the revolution dogged his tracks. They eluded their pursuers for the moment by catching a train for Riga. The agents telegraphed ahead to catch the fleeing pair. To be on the safe side, the father leaped with Grigori into a corn field, but the escape was noticed and the train was stopped.

The pair remained three days in prison. During this time the father explained that Grigori's mother had escaped to America. The boy would join his mother in the city of New York after they were set free. They hurried to Riga to be in time for the next boat sailing for America. After a sad leave-taking, the boy found himself alone, facing a new world. His voyage was uneventful.

Some days later he landed at New York. A strange city of mountainous buildings and hurrying people. His mother met him as he came off the gang-plank, embraced him amid tears and laughter.

"How do you like the new world?"

Grigori could not say anything. He walked the streets with an open mouth and staring eyes. Crowds rushed past him, jostled him, almost wrested him from his mother's hand.

"Where is everybody going, mother?" She laughed, "Oh, you'll find out after you've lived here."

A few weeks later found him in Pittsfield, a small city in western Massachusetts. His mother was an instructor in the terpsichorean art, and while she taught, he went to school. Grigori lived there for some time and entered high school. He is remembered by some of the present upper classmen of that school as a tall, thin boy who scrambled up the stairways, four at a time, to get to his classes.

Later the little family moved to a western state where, at the present time, Grigori is studying to be an artist. He often tells his experiences to those interested, and many a boy has sat at his knee, listening with bated breath and sparkling eyes, to the tales of the fierce Cossacks and the barbarous Tartars.

L. E. Levinson '30

Dollars Into Cents

"DO you know" asked Michael Kent thoughtfully, "that I'm broke?"

"Which state of affairs," answered his roommate, Rodney Chilton "is true of both of us."

"What!" Michael whirled on Rod in amazement "What did you do with that check your old man sent you a couple of days ago?"

"So that's how the land lies? Well, Mike, cogitate awhile and you'll remember that tea dance the Deb Club gave a couple of days ago. Also remember I took Cynthia Dale which is very expensive."

"Expensive isn't expressive enough, Rod. Gad, how that girl can turn dollars into cents. She is a peach, there is no question about it, but she is in the big money class. You know, nice crisp dollars. Whew! I've an idea."

"Sit on it before it moves on," responded his roommate lazily, "Well, get on with it man."

"Let's turn the wily, but beautiful Cynthia, represented by dollars, into cents."

"Ye Gods, the man's gone crazy," Rodney grinned, and pretended to pull his hair in mock frenzy.

"Oh, listen, you lummo, and maybe you'll recognize genius when you hear it."

Meanwhile the object of their conversation was pacing up and down a room shared with a sorority sister, who looked on with lazy amusement.

"Good heavens, Cyn," she said at last, "we've all had broken dates. Bill probably couldn't help it."

"Well, I know, Sally, but Bill could have let me know before. There's that frat dance tonight which is going to do without little Cyn, darn it. It's one of the best of the season, too."

"I know, dear. What's the matter with Michael Kent? He's awfully keen on you, and I've an idea you aren't entirely indifferent as far as he's concerned, either."

"Righto, Sally. You're a godsend, although Michael hasn't been near me for a week. I'll phone him right away."

Which is how Michael Kent came to be taking Cynthia Dale to the frat dance, the brilliant, gay event of the University of Michigan's social season.

Picture, then, Michael's consternation on receiving Cynthia's call after having announced to the world at large that he was broke.

Said Rodney with true helpfulness, "Now you can go ahead and turn Cynthia from dollars into cents."

"Oh, shut up," replied Michael savagely.

"Well, it was your idea, Mike, and if you're going to get cold feet—", Rodney drifted into silence under Michael's cold glare.

"Cold feet nothing, you mutt," he said. "It's absolute necessity. I'm broke and trying to borrow on dance night, is like trying to get blood out of a stone. Give me the Campus Flower Shop," he said into the phone.

"Now what you doin'?" Rod wanted to know.

"Ordering her flowers, of course. Do you have to be told?"

"Flowers! Ye gods, the peon's squashed. He's orderin' flowers, when he wasn't going to spend anything on her for a change and make her like it."

"Will you shut up?" shouted Michael and added hastily into the phone, "I beg your pardon. I must have the wrong number."

So Cynthia had no flowers for the frat dance, which was both unique and unusual for Cynthia Dale. And Michael, looking very handsome in evening clothes, felt slightly discomfited when he met her at her frat house and noted how pretty she looked and how sweet she was to him.

"Wear a warm wrap, Cynthia," he instructed her. "We're walking."

"Walking?" asked Cynthia who always rode.

"Yes, walking," said Michael grimly. "Hurry up, or will never get there."

"But, Michael, darling old thing," protested Cynthia. "I'll ruin these satin slippers. They aren't exactly made to walk in."

"Nevertheless, we're walking," he replied and Cynthia suddenly capitulated.

"Alright, my gallant cavalier," she said and dropped him an old fashioned curtsy before running upstairs to get a wrap and incidently change her slippers.

And so Cynthia Dale walked to the frat dance, where, upon arriving, she was swamped by requests for dances.

Cynthia, about to comply was suddenly seized by Michael who propelled her through the crowd brooking no resistance.

"I'll get your dances for you, Cynthia," he told the astonished girl. "You go along upstairs and take off your wrap."

"Alright," she said and moved off toward the stairs. Cynthia's eyes were beginning to sparkle. She was enraptured at the turn events were taking. She, Cynthia Dale, being ordered around instead of doing the ordering!

She descended to find Michael awaiting her. He handed her her card and she gasped when she read his name listed after every other dance.

"Why, Michael," she began, but he cut her off.

"It's staying that way, young lady," he told her, for Michael was beginning to enjoy his role of Cynthia's reformer. And stay that way it did although Michael was the recipient of numerous murderous glances from his fellow men.

As the last strains of the Campus Blues, the college waltz, died down, Cynthia looked expectantly at Michael.

"We're going down to the Campus Club," he informed her in answer to her glance of inquiry.

And again Cynthia found herself acquiescing, she who was always driven out to The Lodge after every big college affair to continue dancing and dining expensively.

Sometime later, a rather silent Michael accompanied Cynthia back to her sorority house.

"What's the matter, Michael?" Cynthia broke the silence to inquire.

"Cynthia," he turned to the girl somewhat miserably, "What the heck are you thinking about me?"

"Why, what do you mean?" she wanted to know.

"Well, all this tonight," he replied, "To begin with, my not sending you

flowers, making you walk, arranging your dances, taking you to the Campus Club instead of "The Lodge,"—you must think me an awful piker."

"Do you want to know the actual truth, Michael?" she asked and, turning, she looked up at him, bewitchingly.

"Please," he begged.

"Well," she paused, then continued, "Michael, I've had the best time tonight that I've had since I entered the "U." For once, I've had someone do things for me instead of consulting me about everything, first. I've loved every moment of it, Michael, dear, but most of the fun of the thing was doing it with you. Don't you understand that it makes a world of difference whom you do it with?"

And Michael understood.

When he entered his room that night, he was met by an inquisitive roommate who, after one look at Michael's face, said, "You look as if somebody had left you a fortune. But tell me, Mike, did it work?"

"Did it work?" cried Michael jubilantly, "I'll say it did. Why, man, Cynthia's wearing my frat pin right now."

"Ye gods," cried the astounded Rodney. "Prehistoric man had the right dope after all. You've gotta treat 'em rough to get results."

Edward Columbia '30

Gerda's "Collie"

GERDA, racing on her fleet footed steed across a flowering plain, was a typical product of North-European soil. Her hair, falling in shining ringlets to her shoulders, was as sunny and bright as the golden sunshine, and her eyes seemed almost bluer than the clear skies.

She was particularly happy as she rode swiftly to town, because her brother had written her of a puppy he was sending her from America and she could hardly wait for it.

She fairly hugged the little pup to death when she received it at the post office, and, on seeing that it was a pure bred collie she immediately christened it "Collie," much to the amazement of other girls and boys in the neighborhood.

* * * * *

Gerda was seated in front of the huge fireplace in her home, one bitterly cold January evening. Her parents were in town visiting, and Gerda's sole companion was "Collie," now fully grown, and a splendid specimen of the canine breed.

The two presented an interesting study in the firelight, the one—hair like spun gold, eyes thoughtful and brooding; the other, ears upstanding, bright, intelligent eyes, and long, silken brown hair,—a perfect picture of devoted comradeship.

Suddenly—"Collie" gave a deep growl, and Gerda, immediately became alert. Footsteps were heard on the porch and almost at the same instant, as man burst into the room.

"Gerda," he cried "Come quickly, my wife is very ill!"

Without hesitation, she slipped on her clock, wrote a note to her mother, and, with "Collie" at her heels, she left the house.

The night was cold and still, and the moon turned the hard snow to sparkling

diamonds. Gerda asked her neighbor about his wife and, after hearing his explanation of the case, decided it was a common case of grippe. This proved to be true, and after ministering to the sick woman, and giving the husband orders as to his wife's care, Gerda opened the door, and stepped out into the night.

No longer did the frosty moon light her pathway across the two miles of snowy plain that stretched before her. No longer was the night calm and still. Darkness reigned, and down from the north came the storm king, venting his wrath on the peaceful countryside.

Gerda staggered on, the snows blinding her, and the wind whipping the cloak from her sides and flinging it above her head! "Collie" growled and plowed ahead, now and then whimpering as if in sympathy to the suffering girl.

The wind, howling like a thousand demons, lashed her and drove the breath from her body, while the hard pellets of snow cut her face! On! on! she staggered until, with her last breath gone, she sank into unconsciousness, while "Collie" stood above her and barked defiance at the wrath of the elements!

The wind tore the cloak from her still form, leaving her exposed to the vicious cold and snow.

"Collie," with a snarl, tried to draw the cloak over her, and as he noticed her shivering body, threw himself upon her in an attempt to protect her from the death which hovered in the piercing breath of the storm.

He too, was being numbed, but, with his breath coming in short gasps, he barked for aid.

Half an hour passed and still he pitted his strength against the shrieking storms. It seemed useless and "Collie" sensed that life was slowly ebbing from the inert form under his shaggy fur. Anger surged through him and he howled and bayed with fury at the storm!

* * * * *

Back in the cottage at the edge of the plain, Gerda's parents sat—waiting for her.

"Mayhap, she has decided to stay all night," the father suggested.

"If so, Stefan's wife must be very ill, and Gerda would be too unexperienced to care for one so sick. I must go at once!"

Her mother quickly put on her heavy boots, shawl, and cloak and started for the door.

"No, wait, mother, and I shall go with you!" said the father. Putting on his outer clothes, he lighted a lantern and together they plowed through the drifted snow.

Through the tumult of the storm came a howl and both persons stopped, the blood drained from their faces, leaving them as white as the snow that swept about them.

"It's 'Collie!'" the mother cried, "and Gerda is lost in the snow with him!" With an inarticulate cry, she stumbled off into the storm, in the direction of the sound, while her husband preceded her anxiously peering into the darkness. At last they found her under "Collie's" form, and brought her home, while "Collie" stumbled after.

* * * * *

The story of Gerda and her famous "Collie" and the incident of the snow storm, has been told many times around blazing hearth fires, and it is then that children stroke their dogs and whisper to them, "You too, though you have not the American blood, would surely prove yourself equal to any crisis that might arise."

E. Nichol森 '32



An English Dawn

A CLEAR fife-like whistle; the sweet notes of a lark. Poised on a fence post he is announcing to the world the approaching dawn of a new day. Suddenly he takes flight and gracefully wings his way toward the heavens, higher, higher, till he nearly disappears from sight. And still that song. A voice from out the sky; a creature gloriously happy.

As he sings a transformation is taking place in the east. The deep gray is lessening, lightening, and a faint pink appears, creeping up into the heavens, surrounding the gloomy clouds, and bringing them into relief against its increasing rosiness. Brighter and brighter it becomes; now the rose is tinged with a pale orange cast, deeper at the horizon. Orange, spreading, blends with rose, lighting up the moving clouds. A burst of color; breath-taking glory! The sun!

On the morning air tremble the notes of the lark. Slowly the flight of the minstrel veers, and from that vast immensity of gorgeous color he floats earthward, till at length his light form rests upon a swaying tendril amid the vines. His whole body seems to vibrate so overpowering is his joy. Then once again that melodious whistle sounds as he bids me a good-morrow.

Carolyn Stafford

His Highness Mr. Trout

FISHERMEN! don your boots and get your tackle. Oil your reels, inspect your rods, select your lures, and prepare your imagination for visions of the record-breaking trout that you will catch during the coming season.

Your favorite brooks and pools have all been stocked with trout during the past month. Many big ones, the kind that will soon let you know that you have hooked onto something, have been placed in various streams throughout Berkshire County.

Mr. Trout will be lying at the bottom of his pool or behind some sheltering rocks speculating on his problems of life when he probably will spy your cluster of worms or a gaily colored fly floating down current toward him. Thinking of the fine meal soon to be enjoyed, Mr. Trout will dash out to strike your bait. After setting your hook you will get a battle worthy of any trout, but if you are a skillful fisherman, Mr. Trout will soon be lying in the bottom of your creel.

Fred Walters '33

Just Press the Button

"AND finally," concluded the demonstrator, "you are assured of perfect heat, even on the coldest days. All you must do is—press the button." It seemed too good to be true; no more coal to be carried and ashes to be sifted. Uncomplainingly, we endured the many trials attending the installation of the new furnace: the frigid temperature of the house, and the soot tracked through parlor and cellar alike. But at last the longed for moment arrived; the button was pressed, and within a few moments we had heat, such heat as we had never before experienced.

For two days, the praises of the new furnace were sung by the entire family; and sighs of sheer contentment could be heard, as the radiators continued to bubble merrily. This was surely the beginning of an enjoyable winter. Only one member of the family doubted the magical qualities of our labor-saving device. Grandmother could not be convinced that such a "new-fangled notion" would be successful for long; and only too soon was her presentiment fulfilled.

Indeed, peace was not destined to be ours. One morning we received a great surprise. Our next-door neighbor, supposedly a very gentle and quiet man, announced his intention of changing his residence unless we were able to quell the noise of the oil burner motor. However, this incident only began a day of trouble. The fire went out; the self-starter was pressed and pushed to no avail. The book of instructions was brought to light; and elementary information concerning automatic burners was read and discussed, and read again, in vain. Suddenly the motor revolved. At last our troubles were over, the fire had started; we left the cellar confident that all was well. An hour passed—then two.

"It might be well to take a look at the contraption," thought father. He opened the cellar door. A cloud of thick, black smoke enveloped him. What could be the matter now?

Excitement reigned; someone frantically called the "oil man," while someone else rushed for the fire extinguisher. Bravely father forced his way into the cellar, a book of instructions clasped tightly in one hand, and the other pressed over his mouth. From the top of the stairs could be heard the cautioning remarks, "Don't go too close to it"; and from grandmother, "I've heard tell those 'things' sometimes explode." In case of emergency, according to directions, lever D should be pulled quickly; but in the puzzling array of levers, switches, and buttons, who could tell which was the all important one? The doorbell; the "oil man" at last. To his inquiry of "What seems to be the matter," we explained at length the symptoms which prevailed. How could he be so calm, we wondered? After a short examination of the furnace, during which we offered helpful suggestions as to the trouble, he suddenly exclaimed, "What about the oil supply?" Sheepishly we glanced at one another; how careless of us to disregard the oil tank completely. "Well," replied our friend, with an expression of mingled amusement and disgust, "an 'E' on the oil tank indicator means empty." A very much wiser and subdued group led the way from the cellar, only to be met with Grandmother's statement: "These new notions may be fine in their place; but give me a good, old-fashioned furnace every time."

Katherine Schlatterer '30

What Comfort

WHILE spending the week-end with some modern relatives, I learned that although breakfast in itself is a monotonous meal, its preparation can be made very exciting, especially in a home which is equipped with labor-saving devices. When I came down to breakfast on Sunday morning, I saw a very peculiar sight. The dining room table looked as if it were getting a permanent wave, for there were electric cords extending from it in all directions. Some stretched out to distant outlets about the room; others depended from the electric light fixtures. There in the midst of all the wires sat my hostess calmly pressing buttons, pulling switches, and pushing levers with remarkable speed and accuracy.

The table was covered with shining, nickel-plated appliances which clicked and hummed in a business-like manner. After much difficulty, I gained my chair, having had to climb through a maze of wires and having pulled out several plugs in so doing. On my plate was an orange, but instead of the customary fruit spoon beside my plate, I found an electric orange squeezer. All I had to do was place an orange in its bowl and push a button. Immediately there was a whirring noise and orange juice began to shoot in all directions.

There were other electric conveniences some of which I had never seen before and which especially interested me. There was a chubby little perculator which used up its excess energy by blowing a tiny whistle; there was the automatic egg boiler which cooked the egg to a certain degree of hardness, and then the current turned off of itself. Most interesting of all, however, was the electric toaster which browned the slices of bread to a tempting crispness and then by means of a funny little fork pushed them into a nearby plate. Then too, there was an electric griddle iron which had to be fed just so many calories of oil or it would rebel by filling the room with smoke.

From time to time, the coffee would boil over or the cereal would burn, and then the trouble began. Each cord had to be traced to its outlet, in order to find the right one, and while we were thus busily engaged a griddle cake began to burn. After having rescued the now charred mass of dough from its sad plight, we continued our meal without further inconvenience.

The breakfast finished, I arose from my seat amid the fumes of an electrically cooked griddle cake and thanked my hostess for her fine meal. Then I went into the adjoining room to ponder over the marvels of science, and to wonder just what these people would do if a fuse should blow out.

Wilfred J. Millet '30

The High School Story in a Nutshell

CENTURIES ago, in the heart of the Berkshire Hills, there was a town by the name of Pittsfield. This city, it was a city, boasted of a high school known as Pittsfield High, a little wooden building on an obscure side street. Later the town became more wealthy and it erected a real edifice which was supplied with a fairly good athletic field. Nevertheless, age had a great effect on the building, especially its interior, and the city, at the suggestion of graduating classes, was

contemplating presenting the structure to Henry Ford, an antique collector, and, at one time, likewise an antique manufacturer. A new building was absolutely necessary, so the city fathers took the elastic band off the bank roll to build an expensive one. It was started.

Then, came an uprising from the people in selecting a proper appellation. Folks from Lenox Dale and Great Barrington, as well as other nearby hamlets, suggested "Longfellow High." The more intelligent classes, alumni, and students at aforesaid P. H. S. were indignant and protested furiously. The local newspapers were holding unofficial polls to hear the choice of local people. Everybody suggested all sorts of names. Fortunately, the balloting lasted only a very brief period or else people would have sent in their own names.

However, the students of the school deliberated on the question. They went up to the high school library and looked at the banners and trophies won by the students of P. H. S. and then said, "We'll have a Longfellow High School when they build one in Cambridge, Massachusetts, or up in Maine where he was born."

Written on an old parchment in 1928. Discovered by A. H. Smith-Hoover. Archaeologist, April 28, 2985.

L. Michelson

Never Again

ECCENTRIC as it may sound, I will never again attempt to make amends for my muddy feet by the use of a vacuum cleaner.

A short time ago, while hunting, I accumulated half of the mud over which the glorious Housatonic has ever passed. As luck would have it, when I returned home, the back door was locked and I was forced to go around to the front door and then through the living room. The queer part of the matter is that the mud which had so tenaciously clung to my boots all the way home would no longer adhere when I passed through the living-room. Several pieces fell off. I returned to pick them up and in so doing the remainder became well ingrafted in the rug. This would never do. I must take off my boots and place them in the back-room. Queer I had never thought of that in the first place!

But for once luck was with me for a few moments, at least so it seemed. Mother was uptown and I would probably have time to transfer the soil to its proper place outdoors before she returned. I sought out our vacuum cleaner and set diligently to work.

It is both humorous and pathetic what an affinity electric cord has for table legs. On one of the tables rested an odd looking vase which had originally belonged to Count Zilch of Chekoslavakia, so it was claimed. Of course the Fates decreed that the cord should wrap itself around the leg of that table. The vase reached the floor by a series of most beautiful and awe inspiring loops. Surely when mother returned I would be "elected."

Suddenly I thought of some glue in the kitchen cabinet. Perhaps, the vase could be reconditioned shortly. After about an hour's work from which my eyes became inflamed, because of the intricate work, the unfortunate relic of Count Zilch appeared to be in as good a condition as ever. With the aid of a dust pan I then cleaned up the remainder of the mud.

In a state of complete exhaustion, I sat down to relax. My mother soon returned bringing with her some flowers. She proceeded to place them in that vase. I don't believe she had ever used the vase before that day but I am certain she has never used it since. The thought suddenly dawned upon my mind that perhaps that glue was not water-proof. I lost three years growth and ten pounds weight in the few minutes which ensued. The vase with its contents was then placed on the table. I stood by in a state of coma.

Suddenly a little trickle of water was seen to issue from my masterpiece of reconstruction. Right then I decided that it was a beautiful day for another hike.

My return home was postponed as long as possible but the only effect it produced was to make my "election" unanimous. My brother had returned home and he too was ready to render advice on overcoming elephantlike ways.

Oh wouldn't I like to meet the fellow who thought up the vacuum cleaner; that is, provided he is smaller than I am.

George Kenyon

Books As Magic Carpets

SEVERAL years ago, while visiting Boston, I saw a marvelous moving picture called "The Thief of Bagdad." The most interesting feature was the final scene, where the roguish thief, in the guise of a prince, with a beautiful Persian princess, goes sailing off on a magic carpet through the twilight sky, far above the lovely white marble mosques and minarets of the old Arabian city. What a beautiful picture as he and his princess finally faded out of sight into the deepening, violet, starlit night. I sighed as I woke from my dream and returned to everyday life.

Since then I have sometimes wished I might have a similar magic carpet upon which to transport myself from a commonplace existence. One day the thought came to me that I really did have such a carpet but had never realized it as such. This carpet was a magic, invisible one that hid itself between the covers of certain of my books.

"Why surely," said I to myself, "here I have a greater, more powerful carpet than had ever an Arabian prince of old. Here, on a carpet framed by imagination I can not only travel to all parts of the earth, but also back through centuries and ages past and into space and futurity."

Instead of saying to the carpet, "Away to Hindustan" or elsewhere, as the prince did, I had only to find a quiet corner and a book of history, fiction or travel, set aside other thoughts, and I would soon be walking the streets of ancient Athens by Socrates' side listening to him discourse on his favorite subject of "Know Thyself." I might be fighting strange battles under the sea or jumping thirty feet into the air, scaring the queer people of Mars into believing I was a goddess or performing countless other exploits.

After once discovering this magic carpet in my books I am an almost daily traveler and I have had countless, exciting, interesting adventures and experiences.

I remember once, when I was about ten years old, of journeying to Africa with Stanley, an intrepid explorer. I experienced all the hardships of traveling

in that dark continent and of managing a train of superstitious black people. Sudden surprise attacks befell us, but always we managed to escape with minor harm, for the natives had never seen guns in operation but used spears, poisoned arrows, and knives. Once, while shooting the Victoria Rapids, we lost several boatloads of men, and the last white person of the expedition except Stanley and me was drowned. The canoe I was in was nearly upset by a huge hippotamus which suddenly rose up from the water, but, fortunately, my aim was accurate. Everywhere the natives would wonder at the white skin of the captain and some wanted him to be their chief. We came through dense jungles, across the grass regions of Tanganyika, and arrived at the great lake region of East Central Africa. These lakes were immense and almost entirely unexplored. One of them, Lake Chad, was very peculiar in that it had no tributaries yet contained fresh water. We solved the mystery by discovering an underground water supply. One day we arrived at a desolate looking native village. On inquiring it there was a white man living there, we found what no man except Stanley had ever hoped to find, the long-lost Livingstone. How joyful was that meeting and rescue. Although Livingstone died on the way back to civilization, we survived the thousands of miles' trip across Central Africa and reached England in safety once more.

Besides the exciting adventures that I have just told you about I have had many others. Last week I visited Mars on a carpet called "A Princess of Mars" by Edgar Rice Burroughs and was captured by strange, ugly, green monsters. I finally managed to escape on a strange animal that I had tamed.

I have sojourned with Robinson Crusoe when he was shipwrecked on an island and I have lived in an Indian Jungle with Mowgli in "Just So Stories." In fact, I can almost say that there is no place in which I have not been, due to the fact that I have discovered a magic carpet in the realm of books.

Ruth Seace '32

On Bone Burping

MY dog has a bone. From my perch on the shaggy limb of the wind-twisted apple tree, I watch his approach. As clearly as I can see, the bone is dry, and bleached to a vacant white by constant exposure. It is not at all the kind of prey a self-respecting dog would be expected to consider, but "Tick" struts toward me, his barren prize held jauntily, even daintily, between his smiling jaws, his expression one of blissful joy, of righteous pride in his doggish errand.

Right well I know that the bone has been craftily stolen from the neighboring poodle's cache.

Right well I know that other bones have preceeded this one to a new interment at the foot of this very tree. Yes, I am not mistaken, for straight for the tree he runs, halting, now and again, only to gain a firmer toothhold. The soil around the gnarled roots shows very evident traces of recent disturbance. And here is the disturber himself, making a fresh attack upon the loose, black earth with rough and eager paws. Each bit of flying dirt seems to act as an incentive to increase his impatience, and in a short minute is laid open to my view a nest of bones, parched and blanched in the contrasting loam. Carefully the new

prize is laid with the rest. Carefully the little excavation is filled in by a diminutive nose which, after each energetic shove and its accompanying spontaneous sneeze, sniffs thoroughly, as if to determine, by scent, the next spot most needing covering. The nose continues its task until the owner is apparently completely satisfied that no succulent aroma, however vague, can reach the inquisitive nostrils of any other canine. Then, head erect, tail up, he trots proudly in the full glory of a deed well done, out of the orchard and around the barn, where he squats on his haunches with an air of deep concentration, thinking, probably, of another bone to bury.

How amusing was this little scene just enacted before my eyes! How nearly human were the actions and expressions of the little terrier! For a while I sit and ponder. Why should such evident pleasure be taken in such a doubtful sport? Why should such an abandon of joy be shown at its successful completion? What is there in such a simple action to create such a contrasting degree of gleeful ecstasy, even in a dog?—Even in a dog.—But not alone in dogdom, are such examples found. I remember the fervor of a certain bargain hunted, who could, with infinite pleasure, snatch from before some timid buyer, a scrap of silk, "marked down," for a certain occasion; who would pay for her prize with added satisfaction because someone else had wanted it; who could ride for miles on a crowded tram, the purchase beneath her arm, without for one minute losing that air of pride and self complacency; who would, upon her arrival home, unwrap her bundle and gloat over the bargain; and who, the very next day, would "bury her bone" with doggish delight and industry in some musty corner of the attic.

Yes, a dog can have a very human expression, but as I leave my tree, and start slowly for the house, I wonder if a human being cannot sometimes be very "doggish."

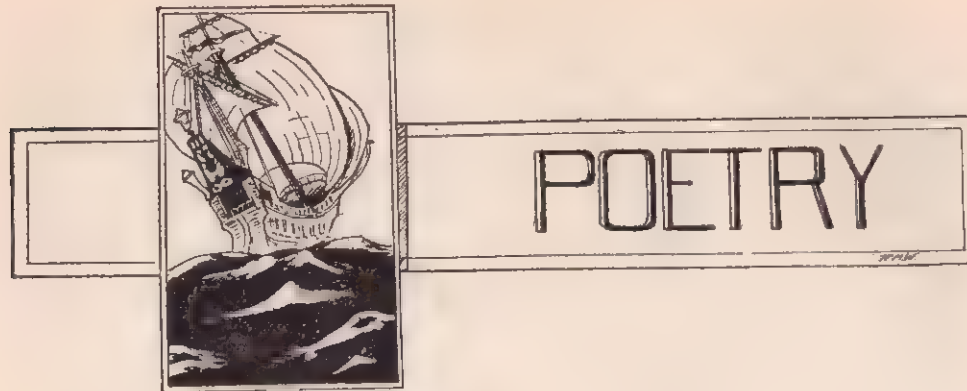
Pauline Goodell '32

To B.

There is a listless pool I know,
Sheltered, beside the shore;
Calm breezes will caress it there,
Still—forevermore.

Ah! never for me the sheltered pool,
I long for the open sea;
With the silver sea gulls sailing above,
And the rocky shore my lee.

Marie R. Hill '30



The Alhambra

Ruddy clusters of castellated battlements
 Black, ominous—silhouetted against a starry sky.
 Winds sigh despairingly through empty corridors
 Moaning—for glories of the past.

Walls, echoing to ghostly footsteps—
 Gaze with cold disdain on infidel nations
 Unconverted, by years of captivity
 Proud—of their glorious past!

The Pagan Palace,—cold and forbidding
 Stands,—with the unbending spirit of the Orient
 And flaunts—from its crumbling towers—
 A challenge—to those of the Christian world
 Who dare imply its unworthiness,
 To the name it bears—
 The Alhambra!

E. Nicholzen, '32

Trailing Arbutus

Oh trailing Arbutus, so dainty and sweet,
 Hiding quite humbly here at my feet;
 Bestowed upon you by some fairy kind
 Are beauty and fragrance and charm undefined.

Eleanor R. Behan '30

Daffodils

Daffodils,
 Gleaming, golden,—
 Bright chalices of the Sun God, Apollo,—
 Your lovely, dancing flowers
 Are everywhere lending youth
 And beauty to old New England gardens.

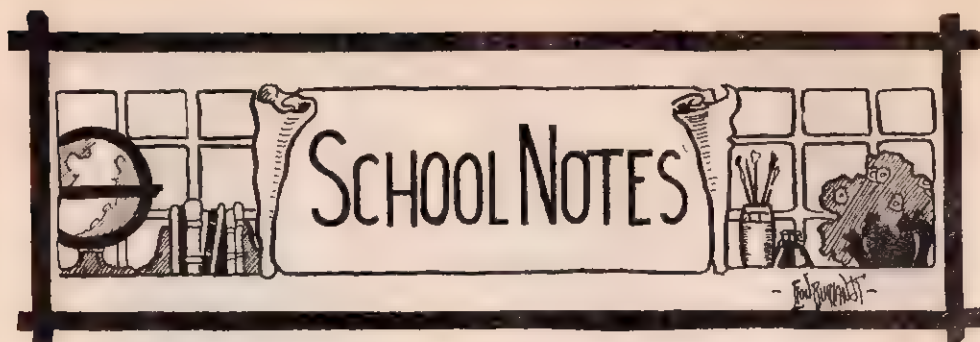
Daffodils,
 Gay and golden,—
 Reflections of God's infinite love,
 Your dew-jeweled hearts, the symbol of joy and happiness.
 How perfect the artist who created you
 And caught a fragment of the living sun
 And imprisoned it in the new earth of our Spring gardens.
Alberta Howard '31

The Springtime

What are the happy birds singing
 As they call to their mates, soft and low?
 What joy is the daffodil bringing
 As it nods to the clouds while they go?

They bring us the message of Springtime
 With the hopes of life budding anew;
 They bid us go forth in the sunshine
 To do as He wills we should do.

Eleanor R. Behan '30



Minutes of the Student's Council Meetings

March 7—The last meeting of the Student's Council was held Friday, March 7, during the sixth period. Some discussion was held concerning rallies.

A vote was taken which unanimously favored Pittsfield High School as the name for the new building. It was decided to send the following recommendation to the Commission: "The Student Council of Pittsfield High School unanimously recommends that the present name of Pittsfield High School be retained for the new building."

There was a motion carried that teachers keep track of the dates that the *Student's Pen* and the Student's Council meet and not have tests on those days.

March 14—During the first period on March 14, the Students' Council met. A short discussion was held relative to the naming of the new high school building. A motion was made and carried that the treasurer of each class pay the expenses of their respective representatives on the Council.

Calvin Hannum was appointed to investigate the matter of taking the picture of the Council members.

March 21—At the regular meeting of the Students' Council on Friday, March 21, an oral report on the taking of the Students' Council picture was given. It was voted that Henzel should be the one to take it.

A motion was made and carried to have something put in the *Student's Pen* about a school song and also to speak of it at the Student's Council Assembly. A short discussion was held about the laying of the corner stone for the new building. The following committees were named:

Program—Thomas Joyce, Chairman, William Holden, Calvin Hannum; *Executive*—Jonathan England, Doris Bentley, Victor Wagner, Roger O'Gara, William Schacte; *Traffic*—Thomas Joyce, William Coty, Fred Calderwood.

April 3—On Thursday, April 3, during the third period a meeting of the Students' Council was held. The proofs of the pictures of the Students' Council, which were taken on March 25, were given to the members to look at and to make a choice. There was a discussion concerning athletic letters.

Doris Bentley '30

Assembly March 27th

At an assembly held March 27th Mr. Gaylord Douglas, Secretary to the Council for the Prevention of War, gave a most interesting talk. Victor Wagner, a member of the Student Council introduced the speaker. Mr. Douglas spoke of the good fellowship that should exist between peoples and nations. He explained the feeling of suspicion that there is at the present time. The World Court and League of Nations, he stated are both steps toward a more friendly relationship. He also discussed the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact and the Naval Conference which is now in session in London. Mr. Douglas proved to be an interesting and worthwhile speaker.

Anne Butler '30

Assembly April 1st

An assembly was held on April 1st at which Dr. Paul Wakefield spoke on tuberculosis. Henry Schachte, representing the Student Council, acted as chairman.

Dr. Wakefield told how tuberculosis begins in the human body and how easily it can be prevented, and even cured if its presence is discovered in time. He urged every student to sign up for a free examination to be held in Pittsfield next fall by the State Clinic.

Aside from the talk itself, Dr. Wakefield's personality was the highlight of the assembly. It seemed to reach out and enfold in its grip the mind of everyone present, so that he closed in such a burst of enthusiastic applause as our auditorium seldom hears.

George Collins '30

Pittsfield High vs. Williams High of Stockbridge

On April 4 a debate was held in the auditorium of Pittsfield High School between Williams High of Stockbridge and Pittsfield High. The question for debate was:—Resolved—"That the practice of installment buying as developed in the United States during the past ten years has had harmful social and economic effects." Raymond Sullivan acted as chairman. The judges were the Rev. Albert J. Penner of Stockbridge, Arthur B. Nicholls of this city and Miss Berndt of Lenox. Pittsfield High School represented the affirmative side while Williams High of Stockbridge upheld the negative. The speakers for Pittsfield were: William Greenwood, Michael Condron and Thomas Joyce, while the speakers for Williams High were Wellington French, George Jastrum and Mary Louise Brothers. William Greenwood, who was the first speaker, spoke of how the installment plan operates. He stated that people not having a large weekly income will go without the necessary things of life that they may enjoy all the modern luxuries. Wellington French spoke of how the installment plan benefits the health. Michael Condron showed why on such a plan the United States would soon undergo another panic such as was suffered in 1925. He also showed what

happens to men who buy merchandise on the installment plan. George Jastrum spoke of the benefits afforded by buying merchandise on the installment plan, while Thomas Joyce told of the evil effects caused by buying on such a plan. Mary Louise Brothers showed how the installment plan benefits some people because it affords them work. She also spoke of how many thousands of people would be out of work were it not for other people who bought merchandise on the installment plan. Following a five minute intermission, each speaker was allowed three minutes for rebuttal.

At the close of the debate, the judges awarded the decision to the negative.

Much credit for the success of the Pittsfield speakers goes to Mr. Allan of the faculty, who has spent much time and effort in coaching the debating teams.

Dorothy A. Stokes '32

Honor Given to P. H. S.

The students of Pittsfield High School were invited by the school commission to conduct the exercises in connection with the laying of the cornerstone of our new high school. Mr. Strout accepted this invitation on behalf of the student body. The faculty committee assisting Mr. Strout with the program and arrangements was as follows: Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer, chairman; Miss Rachel W. Morse, Miss Isabel Power, Miss Katherine McCormick, Edward J. Russell, John H. Ford and Milon J. Herrick.

On Friday morning, March 28th, the whole student body assembled at the site of the new building to conduct a simple but impressive program. Jonathan England, President of the Student Council, acted as chairman. The school, accompanied by the orchestra under the direction of Charles F. Smith, sang *America the Beautiful*. Then Thomas Joyce, our school orator, spoke on "Our New Building." Miss Betty Browne, a member of the Junior "B" class, read an original poem touching on the significance of the occasion. Mr. Goodwin, who has served for forty-two years on the faculty of Pittsfield High School, read an historical paper, and laid the cornerstone. The members of the committee assisting Mr. Goodwin in laying the stone were Victor Wagner, Henry Schacte, Charles Hannum, Fred Calderwood, Robert Canfield, and Wallace Jordan. Again the voices of the students rose in harmonious song. This time the song was "America." The last feature on the program was the singing of our school song, "Pittsfield High School."

Many prominent citizens attended the exercises. In the front row were seated the members of the high school commission, Judge Charles Hibbard and his associates; Mayor Jay P. Barnes; members of the city council; Dr. John F. Gannon, superintendent of schools, and his assistant, Mr. Martin L. Huban; Chairman L. J. Smith of the school committee, and other dignitaries. Chief John L. Sullivan of the police department was also on the platform. The Rev. Eugene L. Marshall of St. Joseph's was among the guests. Mr. Daniel F. Farrell, chairman of the park commission, and various other officials of the city attended.

Julia M. Atkinson '30

Pittsfield vs. Adams High School Debate

The Adams high school debating team won the decision in the final debate with Pittsfield high in the county interscholastic championship contests. The question for debate was, Resolved: "That the practise of installment buying, as developed in the United States during the past ten years, has had harmful social and economic effects."

The contest was held in the Pittsfield high school auditorium on April 11th. The negative side was upheld by Pittsfield—the participants being Jonathan England, Roger O'Gara, and William Andrews, with Edward Michelson as alternate. Adams high sustained the affirmative with Marshall Howe, Muriel Schiff, and Renal Walsh as regular speakers, with Helen Millette as alternate.

The first speaker for the affirmative, Marshall Howe, spoke of the amount of waste, the number of debts, and the harmful effects installment buying has on the commercial world, the merchant, and the consumer.

Jonathan England, the first negative speaker for Pittsfield, spoke of the advantages to the country, and stated that installment buying stimulates and stabilizes business. He also said that installment buying is financially sound.

The second affirmative speaker, Miss Schiff, stated that installment buying is unscientific from a business standpoint. To sustain her arguments she quoted the statements of various business men.

The second negative speaker, Roger O'Gara made many points—among them he said that 9% of our annual wealth is spent in the installment plan of buying; that prosperity is now at its highest point; and that installment buying raises the standards of living. O'Gara also stated that by installment buying the gap between the rich and poor is lessened—thus proving the democracy, the basis on which our country was founded.

The last affirmative speaker for Adams, Renal Walsh, said that installment buying is detrimental to the consumer—makes him poorer, because he pledges money which he does *not* possess. He also stated that the value of the goods depreciates without having anything to offset the depreciation. Walsh was decidedly emphatic. Walsh stated that as a result of installment buying, the people are bound to the wheels of industry, and are poverty and debt stricken.

The last negative speaker for Pittsfield, William Andrews, spoke from a social standpoint, saying that the United States is the greatest credit nation in the world. He stated that class prejudice has been reduced to a minimum, and that the present mode of living is the direct result of installment buying. He claimed that there are *very* few reckless installment buyers. As Andrews closed, he stated that this plan of installment buying is the foundation of prosperity.

A few minutes were given to each side to prepare for the rebuttals. The Pittsfield high school orchestra played a selection during those few minutes.

There were three rebuttals for each side. Both the affirmative and negative sides spent their rebuttals by disclaiming former statements of the opponents' side.

At the end of the allotted time for rebuttals, the judges, William S. Morton of Adams, Rabbi Harry Kaplan of Pittsfield, and School Superintendent Roden Eddy of Hinsdale, rendered their decision in favor of the Adams debaters—on a verdict of 2 to 1.

The Adams team faithfully observed all the rules during the contest. But the Pittsfield team did *not* observe the final bell during the rebuttals. Andrews was warned by 3 bells and yet he spoke for fully 5 seconds after it. O'Gara also violated the warning—he didn't finish at the 2nd bell, either. The rule states that when the final (or 2nd) bell rings, the speaker should merely finish his sentence. Pittsfield debaters should be careful of this in the future.

Margaret McClaren, '30

Letter Men

An assembly was held in the Pittsfield high school auditorium on April 14th, to award letters to the basketball men, and the cheerleaders. Thomas Curtin was chairman.

Coach Stewart was the first speaker on the program. The Coach thanked the school for its cooperation and the squad for its help, during the past basketball season. The coach said he was glad we were "good losers"—and that the school ably proved that statement by its behavior during, and after, the city series with St. Joseph's.

Joseph Nilan was the second speaker. Nilan thanked the students, in behalf of the Varsity Club, for their support and good attitude toward all the past games. Nilan said that if the present spirit continues, rallies wouldn't be necessary, and no one would have to plead to the students to "turn out" at a game. Nilan closed by saying that although we hadn't won the city series from St. Joseph's for six years, we wouldn't stop trying. He quoted in closing, "A quitter never wins; a winner never quits."

The last speaker was Mr. Francis, the able chairman of the Athletic Council. Mr. Francis said that he and the Council were pleased with the team during the last series, and that it was only right for those boys, who had given so much time and attention to the sport of basketball, to receive as a reward for their service, a letter.

Mr. Francis and Coach Stewart then presented letters to the following boys: Manager, Raymond Ano; Thomas Curtin, Donald Fetherstone, Edward Flaherty, William Hanford, James McGivern, Joseph Vaccaro, Joseph Nilan, and Mike Shelsy.

Thomas Curtin then said that the cheerleaders this year would be presented with an emblem in recognition of their services to the school. The following boys were then presented with the emblems of a cheerleader: Victor Wagner, Myron Michelman, Jonathan England, and Eino Hironen.

The assembly was then dismissed.

M. McClaren, '30

Senior Play

The Senior Play "Clarence" will be presented May 8th and 9th at the Boys' Club auditorium, and will be followed by a dance on the latter night at the Business Woman's Club.

At the tryouts, held March 10th, the following cast was chosen by Miss Francis Wainwright, coach: Miss Rita Belle Mirmow, Dorothy Reed, Evelyn Sloper, Hilda Simkin, and Doris Bentley; Victor Wagner, Myron Michelman, William Holden, King Chittenden, and Sherman Hicks.

The leading roles will be played by Miss Mirmow and Wagner.

The comedy in four acts, deals with the troubles of a wealthy man aiming to control his modern family. Clarence, who introduces himself as a forlorn soldier, and later falls in love with the governess, helps make matters a little more complicated. The play has many clever lines and is full of humour. Presented by such a competent cast, it should attract a large audience.

Committees chosen to assist the general one are as follows: Ticket committee: Eleanor Behan, Velma Severance, William Henderson, George Pender, and Leo Clug; Advertising: Ruth Sisman, Mary Louise Bourne, William Holden, and William Haylon.

M. L. Bourne '30

Practical Arithmetic

(Mr. Herberg received the following note as an excuse for absence).

"Dear Sir, Please excuse my Russell today. He won't come to skule because he is acting as timekeeper for his father and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is 6 miles around how long will it take a man walking 3 1-2 miles an hour to walk 2 1-4 times around it. Russell ain't a man, so's we had to send his old man. They went early this morning and father will walk around the field and Russell will time him, but please don't give my boy such ixamples again, because my husband must go to work every day to support his family."

* * * *

At the Prom

Sophomore: "You surely are a good dancer."

The girl friend: "Thank you. I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

Soph: "You could if you were as big a liar as I am."

* * * *

Appropriate Songs

Occasion	Song
Entering Mr. Goodwin's Class	Just Before the Battle, Mother
High School Dedication	Better Days Are Coming
Mrs. Bennett's Class	Tain't No Sin
Miss O'Brien's Class	Hello Baby
One of Mr. Herrick's Tests	I May be Wrong, but—
Rainy Day on the Third Floor	Singin' In the Rain

* * * *

Blanchard: "I've written a fine hair-raising story."

Kenyon: "Great, sell it to some bald-headed guy."

* * * *

Then there was the dumb Soph who thought that several of the P. H. S. baseball players were furriers because she had read in the paper that several of them had made costly muffs.



As We See Others

The Scribbler, Spartanburg, S. C.:

What a lovely poem, "To Rupert Brooke," by Robert Deadwyler; it is indeed an honor poem. We are positively green with envy at the number of fine Editorials you have, for we know how hard it is to obtain good ones. It is hard to choose your best poem all of them are so enjoyable. Your Literary Department is marvelous, and you should be very proud to print such an excellent collection of stories. The Green Dragon by Elizabeth Wyse has many favorable points. The description of the Chinese Temple was very accurately done, and painted a very lovely picture. Not only that, we were in suspense every moment and we never lost interest. We do so wish to read the next installment; remember us next month, won't you please? The Remarkable Jerry by Grace Garlington must certainly be mentioned for its excellence. Culprit vs. Cupid by Juanita Johnson was a charming little story. The Way of a Man by Elizabeth Ballenger had a very good plot and its abrupt and altogether unexpected ending added greatly to its value. We like your Exchange Department, it is well arranged. Please come again!

Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.:

Your Editorial Department is good. The Literary Department could be greatly improved by more short stories. We notice you have some talented poets. "Francais" is indeed the high light of your magazine and we read every article, with a great deal of interest. Schneider Cup Race is well written. Athletics is very good. You really have some choice bits of humour and we are especially glad they are not copied jokes. Your Exchange Department is well arranged.

The Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass.:

Welcome Adams! We are very glad to receive your magazine and we wish to congratulate you on it. Sergeant O'Toole D. S. O. by Ronald Walsh has a very good plot and this story is the best one of your March Issue. Your poetry is good but there is not enough of them. C'est La Vie by Saimi Hayn is interesting and well written. All your short subjects in the Literature Department was well done. We would like to suggest that you increase your Exchange Department.

The English High School Record, Boston, Mass.:

We have the usual comment to make on your March issue—there is not enough literature, and no poetry at all. "Conquest" is quite good, but why give us so meagre a sample of your talent? The rest of your departments are up to standard, but the cuts for the "Personals" and "Exchange" are rather senseless.

The Green and Gold Leaf, Stockbridge, Mass.

One of the first things we notice in your magazine is that the name and location of the school are not given in your heading on the title page—nor anywhere in fact, except under the picture of the building. Also, you forgot to include Editorials in the Table of Contents.

The literature section is quite complete, and we thought "Magic Pencil" especially clever. Where is your Alumni Department? Finally, may we suggest that appropriate cuts for Exchange and School Notes would improve their appearance.

Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass.:

This is a very attractive and interesting number. The printing and fine quality of the paper add much to its appearance, but we don't like your arrangement of the longer articles. It's so exasperating to see "continued on page 27" at the end of a column. We've become accustomed to it in large magazines, and regard it merely as a necessary evil, but in school publications we think it should be avoided if possible.

The Spectator, Watervliet, N. Y.:

Yours is a good magazine, but it might have more material, thus enlarging the edition. We should like to suggest that you use some appropriate cuts for each department heading. We envy you with all your school notes. Your stories were very good, especially "The Secret of The Welds," "To Be or Not To Be," and the "Potato Boy." We enjoyed your editorial "Make Most of The Little Things About You" very much. Where is your poetry department? "Old Books" would be a good one to head it.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.:

"What I Most Dislike" and "Bluffing" ought to be read by a great many students, especially "Bluffing," for it contained some very good ideas. Your "Le Cercle Francais" is certainly to be commended. How did you ever get so many to contribute to it? We enjoyed your Faculty corner very much. Of all your fine stories we enjoyed these the most, "An Attempt to Reach Mars," "Rose Saves a Gold Mine," and "What the Ignorant Thought of Us." With poems such as "The Williams-Wesleyan Game" and "They've Learned" you could very easily have a separate poetry department. You've some good jokes; why not combine them into a humor department?

Orange and Black, Middletown, Conn.:

Of your poems, "The Wanderer" was the best, and "If You're Ambitious" came second. "A Humorous Blunder" and "The Unmistaken Identity" were very well written. More short stories would improve your magazine. We also think that a separate poetry department would be an addition. You also could use some more original jokes.

The Attic, Nutley, N. J.

Delmar Molorsky's poem, "A Mood," was very delightful. And we surely did get a big kick (for nothing else describes it) out of your ballads. They were very good. "Bamboo Sticks," is very interesting. "Rainy Day Rising" is very true to life. "Just My Luck" was also excellent. We liked the cut for your joke department. However, we suggest that you put all your advertisements in the back in one section instead of scattering them about.

The Holten, Danvers, Mass.:

The minute we spied the cod-fish on your cover we knew you were from a good old Massachusetts city. All your stories are very good, our favorites are, "Converting Robby" and "Excerpts From My Diary". Your poetry is excellent, especially "Books." We suggest some better cuts throughout your magazine.

Phyllis Sullivan.

We acknowledge the following magazines:

The Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass.
The St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle, Philadelphia, Penn.
The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.
The Peanut, New Marlboro, Mass.
The Purple Pennant, Cortland, N. Y.
Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.
Record, English High School, Boston, Mass.
The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.
The Courier, Hyde Park, Mass.
The Garnet and White, West Chester, Penn.
The Hi-News, Ludlow, Mass.
The Red Pen, Reading, Penn.
Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

As Others See Us

The Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Massachusetts:

You have a well rounded magazine. Your literary department is excellent. "A College Man's Christmas Eve" by Marie Hill is our favorite in your December Issue.—*Drury Academe*, North Adams, Mass.

Your Christmas cover was unique. Why not increase your Literature section?—*Brocktonia*, Brockton, Mass.

Your December issue was slightly lacking in stories. We suggest that you keep all your poetry in one department. We like the arrangement of your Alumni column.—*The Record*, Boston, Mass.



Shelsy: "Did the butcher have frogs' legs?"

Tubbs: "I couldn't see. He had boots on."

* * * *

Miss Pfeiffer: "Who is talking?"

Donna: "It's me."

Miss Pfeiffer (correcting): "It is I."

Donna: "Well, what did you ask me for if it was you?"

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett: "What do you know about the Caucasian race?"

Clug: "I dunno. I was sick that day, and I couldn't go."

* * * *

Holden (ordering his supper at the Hub): "Give me the Sweet Mystery of Life."

Waiter: "What's that, Sir?"

Holden: "Hash."

* * * *

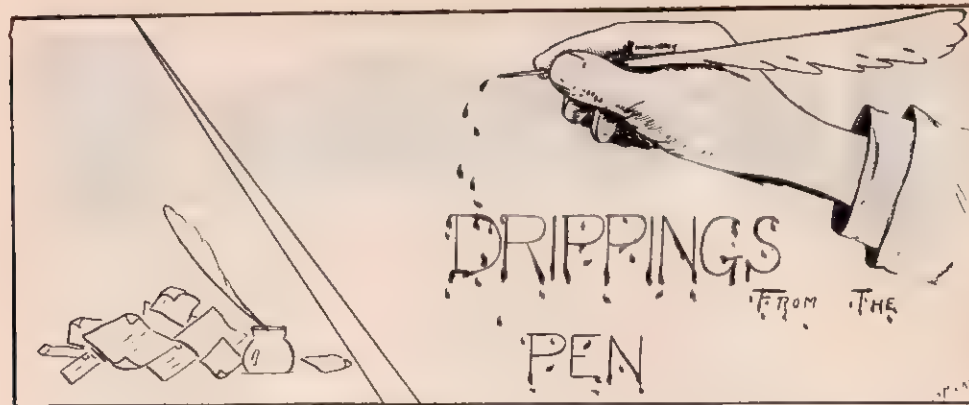
As Cicero has it: In omnibus iam,
 Forte iniuns et dux, et posum, et clam,
 In cum nemo; cessae, sum duxi firmae;
 Ubi sum, sed quo, nemo sic, anser donum,
 Dubitabit nemo, cum tri sum nec bonum.

Translation

As Pender has it: In omnibus jam,
 Forty injuns ate ducks, ate possum, ate clam!
 In come Nemo, says he, "Some duck's eye for me,"
 "You buy some," said Quo, "Nemo sick," answer Donum.
 "Do bite a bit, Nemo, come try some neck bone-m."

* * * *

Funny thing happened in chemistry class recently. Prof. Bulger asked Cook to name some stable substances, and what did he do but answer, "Horses." (Cook is recovering as rapidly as can be expected under the circumstances, hospital officials stated this morning.)



"—of shoes-and ships-and sealing-wax—of cabbages-and kings—"

By R. G. N.

Once again, intellectual reader, you have opened the pages of this great family magazine, which every month brings into your prosaic life the witching scent of lavender and old lace, the invigorating tang of the salt sea air, thrilling tales of red-blooded heroism and magnanimous self-sacrifice, sagas of adventure and of battle, masterly articles on the care and feeding of fish worms, and a thousand and one other items too numerous to mention, and all for the price of five cents a week, the twentieth part of a dollar! The *Student's Pen* should have its place on the parlor table of each and every home in this broad land, and if there is no room for it on the table because of the vast size of the *Saturday Evening Post*, then it is fine for laying under carpets or for use in wrapping up one's lunch. Step up, folks; don't crowd. There is room for one and all. This gentlemann in the front row just won a set of hand embroidered doorknobs for a ten cent ticket.

* * * *

CORNORSTONE LAYING SECTION EXTRA

INTIMATE DETAILS OF EVENT FOR FIRST TIME REVEALED TO OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENT

Union Men Indignant as Mr. Goodwin Lays Stone

Assert Unfair Methods Employed

CITY IN TURMOIL—WORK ON NEW SCHOOL CEASES AS STRIKERS QUIT

(By our staff correspondent)

One hundred and twenty bricklayers and master mortarers have ceased work at the site of the new high school in protest that Mr. W. D. Goodwin of the high school faculty, a non-union worker, laid the cornerstone of the new building at the recent dedicatory exercises. It is alleged that considerable adverse criticism of his action has arisen in union bricklaying and mortaring circles, as the men resent the fact that this work was done by one not a member of Local No. 445.

It is also alleged that Jonathan England accidentally dropped a penny under the stone just prior to its being lowered into place. Efforts are being made to have the edifice razed in order to retrieve the missing coin.

As you are aware, a copy of the *Student's Pen* was sealed up in the bronze box in the cornerstone. We trust that its being buried in the ground is no reflection on the calibre of the publication.

* * * *

While we are on the subject, some persons still seem to be dissatisfied about the naming of the new high school. In order to satisfy all parties, we respectfully submit the following suggestions, so that no one may have cause to feel slighted.

The Pittsfield High School
The Longfellow Library
The Melville Auditorium
The Oliver Wendell Holmes First Floor
The Nathaniel Hawthorne Second Floor
The Josh Billings Front Steps
The Sarah Deming Stairs
The Parson Allen Tower
The Elms Boiler Room

* * * *

(Give 'em a few jokes, Jerry, the customers are getting restless.)

Scot: "Are ye the chap who saved my wee laddie from drowning?"

Rescuer: "I am, sir."

Scot (sharply): "Well, where's his bonnet?"

* * * *

Miss Kaliher: "What did people used to call Samuel Adams?"

Unidentified Voice: "Sam."

* * * *

Editor George Kenyon, with that infallible nose for news that has today placed him at the head of one of the most famous organs of scholastic opinion in the Western Hemisphere, has contributed the following item which he noted during perusal of our local gazette.

"Lee Schoenhair, Akron, Ohio, pilot, set new world's record of 185,452 miles per hour for passenger planes at Jacksonville Beach, Fla."

LIGHT, LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS!

* * * *

Our definition (in case you are interested) of the very height of superiority, is the look of proud disdain directed at 50 cent seat holders by the 75 cent occupants of divans in our local movie palace. King Solomon in all his glory could have felt no greater dignity than they!

* * * *

And as the rising sun bathed in ruddy glory the age-old, snow-capped peaks of the lofty Himalayas, together they faced the dawn of a new and better day.

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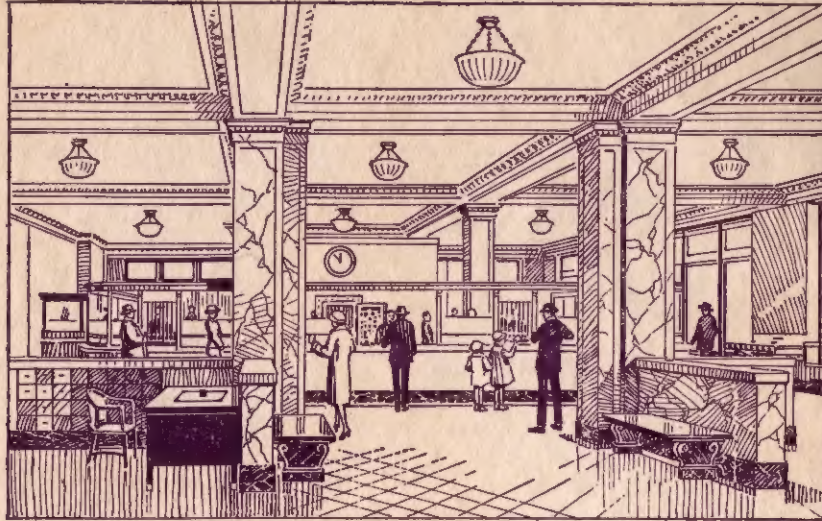
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The Student's Pen

APRIL, 1930